

If You Want Help  
An ADVERTISEMENT 15 IN "THE WORLD"  
WILL BRING IT.  
Help Wanted, 15 Cents a Line.  
NO EXTRA CHARGE ON SUNDAY.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

## ALBANI TO SING.

The Great Soprano Will Appear at the News-boys' Dinner.

"Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair" and "Yankee Doodle" the Selections.

The Greatest Treat That New York's Newsboys Ever Enjoyed.

All Preparations for "The Evening World's" Christmas Dinner Made.

Will the amenities of Christmas-tide permit me to waive conventionalities of good society and address you, dear newsboys?

I have something very important to tell you.

You know Mrs. Albani, don't you? Yes, the lady here in this column smiling at you with her eyes. Well, she is in love with you!

Of course this will be news to you.

Yesterday she came down in Newspaper Row and without knowing it you captured her heart.

Guess what she said.

"God bless you merrie gentlemen!"

Then she sighed, thought her smiling eyes with a little white handkerchief and, after looking at you all, she went to meet you!

Wants to say how do you do; I love you, and God bless you merrie gentlemen!

She says you can draw tears from stones and make men and women, saturated with selfishness, weep buckets of brine.

She says you are the bravest and at once the most blithesome members of American society; that you read the world better sermons and truer stories of courage and moral sublimity than the pulpits or press can publish.

She says you have a mission in life and that you are performing it like a noble army of little martyrs.

In short, she is gone on you small agents of the press and she is going to your dinner-party to-morrow morning.

Not to dine, but to sing for you.

She will sing "Robin Adair" or "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Now, young friends, just let me tell you that this is a tremendous compliment the famous artist is paying you. Nothing like it has ever occurred in New York in all the history of music and the newsboys. Troupes of singers have come to town and gone away again with pockets full of money, but they didn't have time to meet the boys or even say "God bless you, merrie gentlemen!"

And I'll tell you another thing. If Master Chauncey M. Depew or Master Cornelius Vanderbilt want to hear Mrs. Albani it will cost him a five-dollar ticket now.

Now do you see the value of the compliment she is paying you?

All you have to do is to pay attention.

And I don't mind confessing to you that the beautiful lady is just the least little bit afraid!

Some people living at the Windsor Hotel belied you all. They told her you were a well set. That you were broad backs in your belts and carried bodies of casters in your pockets; that you guayed every man who wore a linen collar and every woman who pinned her back hair up.

Of course Mrs. Albani does not believe a word of this, but you know one can't always control her feelings, and these evil reports have been disturbing just a little disturbing.

You can, however, reassure her the very moment she enters the Everett House by maintaining a loud silence and applauding her with your heart beats and folded hands.

In other words, keep still and she will carry you off your feet the moment she opens her mouth. If you shut your eyes, look back in your chair and listen with the table with her napkins tucked under her chin, feeling comfortably full of soup, roast beef and black coffee.

Last September she went to Balmoral Castle to sing for Queen Victoria. That august lady had just finished eating her dinner and was sitting in the table with her napkins tucked under her chin, feeling comfortably full of soup, roast beef and black coffee.

She ordered the famous singer to be brought in to the bosom of her family, as it were, and sing her a little tune.

Mrs. Albani did so. She chose "Robin Adair" and "Yankee Doodle" and "Pop Goes the Weasel." Then she sang "Home, Sweet Home," by request, and made her sovereign cry very hard. Next day a \$5000 breakfast was sent to the lady, with a personal letter from the Queen. Mrs. Albani wears the breakfast every day of her life, but she keeps the autograph letter in an iron safe, and no one has ever read it but her husband and little boy.

To give you an idea of its value there are dealers in M.S. in this town who would gladly

give you enough spot cash to pay for a four-story tenement-house for the Queen's letter telling what she thinks about "the soul in the singer's voice, the sweetness of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the charm of 'Robin Adair.'"



Mrs. Albani.

Now then, you know the treat there is in store for you—the sort of a Christmas present you will get from the most soulful soprano singer in the world—on one condition. That you behave like the "Merrie Gentlemen" she says you are.

I believe I have told you everything now that Mrs. Albani said.

To her sweet "God bless you Merrie Gentlemen" I say amen. Earnestly.

NELL NELSON.

ALL READY FOR THE DINNER.

Mrs. Albani Will Sing to the News-boys Diners.

The EVENING WORLD's treasured guests, the 6000 newsboys of New York City, when they sit down to a grand Christmas dinner at the Everett Hotel, 102, 104 and 106 Vesey street, at 11:30 o'clock to-morrow, will enjoy a treat not often accorded to money to the greatest aristocrats of the "Upper Ten Thousand."

The great Mrs. Albani, whose fame reaches around the world and extends almost from pole to pole, will be present and will sing to the subscribers of the Evening World, singing as she would to her most refined and cultured audiences.

Think of that!

Mrs. Albani, the most famous singer in the world, and one of the most charming women, too, has a deep interest in the newsboys, and in the Christmas dinner to which they have been invited by THE EVENING WORLD, and she has volunteered to attend the banquet and sing to the youngsters while they dine!

Sig. Vianesi, the musical director of the Metropolitan Opera-house, will accompany Mrs. Albani and Messrs. Steinway & Sons will send a grand piano to be used on the occasion.

Mrs. Albani made her first appearance this season in New York at the Metropolitan Opera-house last evening in "Rigoletto," and her audience unanimously voted her even a greater singer than when she last appeared.

The morning papers all agree that her voice is as rich and full as ever, and that she is unquestionably the most marvellous singer in the wide, wide world.

As for the arrangements for the banquet itself, they are complete even to elaboration, and the most famous gourmet in New York, the city's best acknowledged epicure, will be on hand to direct the kitchen and to see that the food is served in the most perfect manner.

The great dining-room of the famous Everett Hotel, which is one of the most beautiful in the city, will be transformed into a dining-paradise, and the newsboys will dine with the EVENING WORLD.

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## DAVITT IS BEATEN.

Redmond, Parnellite Candidate, Elected in Waterford.

First Bye-Election Won by That Section of the Irish Party.

The New Man Takes the Seat Left Vacant by Richard Power's Death.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)  
DUBLIN, Dec. 24.—Contrary to general expectation, the election in Waterford City yesterday to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the death of Mr. Richard Power passed off without any serious disturbance of the peace.

Both the McCarthyites and Parnellites worked hard all day in the interests of their respective candidates, and though there were many warring arguments over doubtful voters, yet, as a whole, the election was remarkably quiet.

The McCarthyites were confident of victory, even going so far as to say how much their majority would be.

The official announcement made this morning, however, shows that they were overconfident and that the Parnellites have won the seat.

This is the first bye-election won by that section of the Irish party since the split in the party occurred, and they are, of course, correspondingly jubilant.

The returns of the election show that John E. Redmond (Parnellite) received 1,725 votes and Michael Davitt (McCarthyite) 1,229, a majority of 496 votes for the Parnellite candidate.

At the last election Mr. Power was returned without opposition.

## POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Liberal Entries for a Heavy Track at Gutterburg.

The card at Gutterburg to-day is a light one. This is no doubt caused by the prospect of bad weather and a heavy track. The entries are liberal enough, however, to insure good racing in the several events and a good day's sport may be witnessed.

The track will be sloppy and slow time may be the order of the day.

The two-year-olds' race should be the best of the day, for that good filly Flattery will meet Paragon, the Abundance colt, McKeever, Quartermaster and other good ones.

The entries for the opening and other events are as follows:

First Race.—Purse, \$400, selling allowances; five furlongs.  
Stratagem..... 114  
Lord of the Harvest..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by Stratagem, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Second Race.—Purse, \$400, a six and a half furlong.  
The Grapple..... 119  
Allegro..... 119  
Graduate..... 119  
Cassella..... 119  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Third Race.—Purse, \$400, for two-year-olds; six furlongs.  
Paragon..... 118  
Quartermaster..... 108  
Abundance..... 108  
McKeever..... 108  
Flattery..... 108  
Cassella..... 108  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by Paragon, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Fourth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; five furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Fifth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Sixth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Seventh Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Eighth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Ninth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Tenth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Eleventh Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Twelfth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

Thirteenth Race.—Purse \$400, selling allowances; six and a half furlongs.  
The Grapple..... 114  
Allegro..... 114  
Graduate..... 114  
Cassella..... 114  
Saml. Moore..... 100

This race may be won by The Grapple, who showed a lot of speed in his last race.  
Graduate may be second and Ottawa third.

## YOUR LAST CHANCE.

Subscribe To-day to the Children's Christmas-Tree Fund.

Every Dime Brings Pleasure to Some Poor Child.

Happiness to Be Brought to Thousands of Poor Homes.

Nell Nelson Tells of Homes Where Holiday Joy Is Needed.

It wants just twelve hours of Christmas—dear, delightful Christmas!

Are you ready for the merry day?

Sure you are quite ready?

Have you a green wreath to hang in the window, a bough of mistletoe to tie on the chandelier and a sprig of holly to stab the pudding in the breast?

Is there a bunch of thyme to season the goose, cranberries to garnish the turkey and a lemon to go in the juicy little roast pig's mouth?

You haven't forgotten the plump of rum and pound of prunes for the snapper, have you?

And you have a present for little sister, one for brother, another for grandma, one for father and at least two for loving, lovable mother? And you remembered the hired girl and the poor washerwoman, didn't you?

That's good!

Then as far as you can remember, you say you are quite ready?

Ah! but memory is so treacherous. You can't depend upon it. Two things it will not let you forget—your grief and your neighbor's indifference. Have you made arrangements to manifest your Christmas dinner and send copies of it to that patient, old couple in the garret and the struggling, starving family of young children in the basement of the house round the corner?

Forgot all about them, eh? That's too bad.

Misery is doubly hard to bear at this season of the year. It is awful to be sick, to be destitute, to be out of employment, out of food and out of fuel when all the rest of the world is giving and getting rare love exchanges. It is agonizing to look out the window and see crowds of happy people hurrying past with packages in their arms, Christmas greens and Christmas bells in their hands and the half revealed, half concealed pleasures of expectancy in their faces and not know where the next month's rent is to come from.

To weep while others laugh, to hunger while they feast, to be in actual want of the necessities of life while they revel in the abundance, to be out of employment, out of food and out of fuel when all the rest of the world is giving and getting rare love exchanges. It is agonizing to look out the window and see crowds of happy people hurrying past with packages in their arms, Christmas greens and Christmas bells in their hands and the half revealed, half concealed pleasures of expectancy in their faces and not know where the next month's rent is to come from.

Perhaps when you come to think it all over again you are not ready. You have forgotten something.

A fortnight ago a brave man in West Thirty-seventh street, employed by the Sixth Avenue Subway Railway Company, risked his own life to save that of a passenger who fell from the car and barely escaped being crushed under the wheels. The driver rescued the stranger and then fell to the ground. On examination it was found that his arm was broken. Aside from intense physical pain his heroism cost him the means of a livelihood. He is to-day impoverished and his family unprotected.

The man he dragged from peril is said to be well off, but as yet not one word of sympathy or expression of gratitude has been received from him. In the mean time a flock of very sweet children in one of the upper flats of West Thirty-seventh street are anxiously waiting and watching for good St. Nick to appear. For the convenience of the liberal shopper who might care to send the twin brother of her turkey to the family pantry.

There isn't anybody living belonging to me "in the sorrowful way John McKelroy put his case to me yesterday. John has bachelor quarters at the Lodging House in West Thirty-second street and a very rough road to travel.

He is just at that age when he can't go to a charity bazaar to get in the good graces of a man. He has an engagement that yields the munificent sum of 50 cents a day. His feet are on the ground, his soul is hard and his clothes never were good and couldn't be worse than they are.

Another family worthy of remembrance, bears the uncommon name of Sullivan and has for a city address, 409 East Forty-fourth street. The husband and father is dead and the widow's burden is heavy indeed. Two of the young children are so misshapen that they are kept hid from the humane surgeons in the neighboring dispensary.

In a rear flat, No. 751 Third avenue, lives John Deemore, who got in the bad graces of St. Nick yesterday. John tried to procure an express wagon in his flight across Forty-first street. The wagon came out on top, and the poor little fellow was gathered up and taken to Bellevue. His mother preferred to nurse the case, and after being examined by all the children's staff and his broken bones set, he was driven to his home in the ambulance. The good-hearted surgeon waddled him in a blanket and yielded to his entreaties "to ride with the driver."

What bothers the disabled newspaper man is not his injuries, but his slender chances of "celebrating." He not only misses THE EVENING WORLD's Christmas Tree, but he loses the newsboys' dinner and Mrs. Albani's Christmas carol, "all on account of that chunk of a driver who rode his truck over me arm and back."

Johnny doesn't swear. He can't, he tells me, but there is a great deal of fire in his eye when he speaks on the subject.

Remember of these forgotten ones tonight.

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## WAS IT SELF-MURDER?

Strange Drowning of a Beautiful Woman in East River.

Perished in View of a Ferryboat's Passengers.

A Possible Identification as a Grand Union Hotel Guest.

The body of a beautiful young woman awaits identification to-day at the Morgue in Long Island City.

She was drowned last evening in the East River in sight of the passengers of the ferryboat Flushing, which was entering the slip at Long Island City.

The mystery which surrounds the case neither the police nor the coroner, who now has the matter in his charge, seem to be able to penetrate.

According to the stories of several persons on the ferryboat a succession of thrilling screams was heard coming from the darkness out in the river just as the Flushing was heading out of the slip for the Thirty-fourth street landing on the New York side.

The voice was a woman's, and it started every one aboard the ferryboat.

A moment afterwards the body was seen floating upon the water. Some say the woman was still struggling, and that the ferryboat ran her down and drowned her. Others say that she was floating on the water with her face upward, and even then seemed to be dead.

Deckhand Curry and one of his companions tried to catch the body of the woman as it drifted under the rail of the bow, for the boat was going along slowly and the tide was running down the river.

They missed her, however, and when the reversed paddle-wheels began to throw the water back the body drifted out again into the stream.

It is said that the body was in sight of the passengers on the Flushing for nearly ten minutes before it was finally rescued by one of the Standard Oil Company's tugboats and towed ashore.

Just before noon to-day, a middle-aged man, wearing a heavy gray beard, called at the Grand Union Hotel, at Forty-second street, and inquired for a Mrs. M. Haywood, who had been stopping there since day before yesterday.

She was not in her room, and nothing had been seen of her in the hotel since yesterday afternoon.

The man said that he was janitor of an apartment house in Forty-third street, the location of which he refused to state, also referring to give his own name.

He said he had read the description of the drowned woman in the morning papers and he thought she must be Mrs. Haywood, who had lived in his